Title | An ode of verses on the much-lamented death of the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield ... who departed this life ... on the thirtieth of September, 1770 ... / compos'd in America by a negro girl seventeen years of age, and sent over to a gentleman of character in 
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AN ODE OF VERSES

On the much-lamented Death of the
Rev. Mr. GEORGE WHITEFIELD,
Late Chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon;

Who departed this Life, at Newbury near Boston in New England, on the Thirtieth of September, 1770, in the Fifty-seventh Year of his Age.

Compos'd in America by a Negro Girl Seventeen Years of Age, and sent over to a Gentleman of Character in London.

HAIL Happy Saint, on thy Immortal Throne!
To thee Complaints of Grievance are unknown.
We hear no more the Muffe of thy Tongue,
Thy wond'rous Auditories ceas'd to throng.
Thy Letters in unequal'd Accents flow'd,
While Emulation in each Bosom glow'd.
Thou diest, in Strains of Eloquence refin'd,
Inflame the Soul, and captivate the Mind.
Unhappy we thy setting Sun deplore,
Which once was splendor, but it shines no more.
He leaves the Earth for Heaven's unsearch'd Height,
And Worlds unknown receive him out of Sight.
There Whitfield wings with rapid Course his Way,
And falls to Zion thro' vast Seas of Day.
When his Americans were butcher'd for
When Streets were crimin'd with their guiltless Gore,
Wondrous Compassion in his heart he threw.
The Fruit thereof was Charity and Love.
Towards America what could be more!
Then leave his native Home, the British Shore,
To cross the Great Atlantic wat'ry Road,
To see New England's much-dread'd Abode.
Thy Prayers, great Saint, and thy incontinent Cries,
Have often pierc'd the Bosom of the Skies.
Thou, Moon, hast iom, and thou, bright Star of Light,
Hast Witness'd been of his Requiem by Night.

Our Whitfield the Haven has gain'd
Outflying the Tempest and Wind;
His Rest he has sooner obtain'd,
And left his Companions behind.

With Songs let us follow his Flight,
And mount with his Spirit above;
Eclips'd to the Mansions of Light,
And led to the Light of Love.

The CONCLUSION.

May Whitfield's Virtues flourish with his Fame,
And Ages yet unborn record his Name.
All Pride and Glory be to God on High,
Whole dread Command is, That we all must die.
To live to Life eternal, may we emulate
The worthy Man that's gone, er's is to go late.

Printed and sold for the Benefit of a poor Family burnt out a few Weeks since near Skidmore Church, that lost all they possessed, having nothing infant.

Price a Penny apiece, or 5c a Hundred as they sold from thence.